WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1901.

VOL. XX-NO. 28-WHOLE NO. 1027.



me to it.'

everyone.

During the remainder of my tour as his Orderly I kept out of the old man's way as much as possible, for fear of incurring his ill-will in some way. But what a contrast I found between this ill-mannered, blustering, swearing old ruffian and his Adjutant-General, Capt. Pleasonton, who,

though an exemplary soldier, was mild-mannered, courteous and gentlemanly to

leveryone.

In relating this incident I have omitted much of the foul language used by old Harney; but anyone who knew the old fellow's reputation in that line can readily fill in the deficiency. The soldiers used to sing a song about him to the tune of "Kate Kearny," one verse of which I remember you.

member ran—
"Did you ever go out to Fort Kearny?"
"O, yes; I went there with old Harney-

From Kearny clear up to Laramie."
And a lot more that was anything bu

We'd nothing to eat

But buffalo meat

By ROBERT MORRIS PECK.

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When we arrived at Fort Leavenworth we found our companies had returned from their trip into the southern part of the Territory. We did not get a very long rest till a detachment from each of the cavalry companies was detailed to take a string of horses out to Fort Riley, 120 miles west, at the head of Kaw River. This detachment, of which I was one, was under the command of Second Lieut, Jos. H. Taylor.
It was now the middle of Winter, and

It was now the middle of Winter, and the weather was very severe. It took us six days to make the trip.

Fort Riley is a beautifully situated post, on the north side, and at the very head of Kaw River, being built on an elevated piece of ground overlooking the junction of the Republican and Smoky Hill Rivers, which two form the Kaw. The buildings are all comfortable two-story stone houses, inclosing a fine paradeground. There is timber along the streams at a little distance, but none around the at a little distance, but none around the

On an eminence just north of Riley on an emmence just north of Riley stands a monument erected to the memory of Maj. Ogden, who, while in command of the post, fell a victim to the cholera (in 1854, I believe).

We were allowed to remain here a few

days to enjoy the comfortable quarters, when we again went back to Fort Leavenworth. Fort Riley is garrisoned by four companies of our regiment (Ist Cav.), and two companies of heavy artil-

return from Fort Riley we On our return from Fort Riley we found Gen. Harney in command at Fort Leavenworth. I had heard from the old soldiers something of the irascible, belligerent disposition of this old officer, and 1863. of the implacable enmity that existed between him and our old Colonel. Harney, being the ranking officer, and Col. Sumner, now subject to his orders, the General not only failed to accord Sumner the common courtesy due from one officer to another, but soen began to show his dislike for the Colonel in a variety of ways. The hatred he entertained for Sumner was as cordially returned, and as "Old Bull-of-theWoods" was not the kind of a man that would tamely submit to his abuse, it was not long till a challenge had

man that would tamely submit to his abuse, it was not long till a challenge had Art., Gen. Harney in command of the passed between these two old warriors, who were well matched in age, size and general appearance; but the War Department getting wind of it, they were both placed under arrest for a short time, and the department of the fell large warried for a short time, and the department of the fell large warried for a short time, and the department of the fell large warried for a short time, and the fell large warried for a short time, and the fell large warried for a short time, and the fell large warried for a short time, and the fell large warried for the fell large warried for a short time, and the fell large warried for the fell large warried for the fell large warriers. the duel prevented.

It was found necessary, however, to separate the two old game-cocks, and so Summer was temporarily detached from the regiment and ordered to Washington

HARNEY AND THE "WHITE-WASHED CAVALRY."

While in command of Fort Leavenworth Col. Sumner had given the post a general cleaning up and had barracks, barns, fences, etc., whitewashed, which much improved the appearance of the place, and from this fact Harney had in derision dubbed our regiment the "white-washed cavalry;" not that he objected particularly to the whitewashing and cleaning but he never could let an opportunity pass to

throw slurs at Sumner.

I think old Harney was the most abusIve and profane officer in his ordinary conversation that I met in the army. He could scarcely speak a dozen words with-out half as many oaths or foul epithets; and when in an ill-humor—which seemed to be his normal condition—he would ap-ply such language indiscriminately to officers, soldiers or citizens who came in his

One day at guard-mount I was selected y the Adjutant as mounted Orderly for ien. Harney.

As I have before stated, the Post Adju-

tant selects the neatest and finest-looking soldier on guard-mount each day for commanding officer's Orderly. I had always been an anxious, and often successful, competitor for this honor on guard-mount competitor for this nenor on guard-mount—that of foot Orderly—but had never been mounted Orderly before, and never had served in that capacity for this swearing, fighting, abusive old officer, and accepted the position with fear that he would probably curse me for a "white-would probably curse me for a "whitewould probably curse me for a "white-washed cavalryman," but was very agree-ably surprised on reporting to the old General to find him in an unusually good humor, and got no "cussing." His Adju-tant-General, Capt. Alfred Pleasonton (who afterwards gained fame as a cavalry leader in the Union Army in the civil war), I found to be a very pleasant and gentlemanly officer.

As soon as I had saddled up I rode up

to headquarters, dismounted, hitched my horse to the rack, and seeing the General walking back and forth on the veranda and, as I thought, looking at me with anything but a pleasant glance-I re-solved that he shouldn't know how badly

solved that he shouldn't know how badly scared I was at his frowning, buil-dog looks, so stepped briskly up to him, came to "attention," and saluted, reporting:

"General, I was ordered to report to you for mounted Orderly."

Instead of cursing me for a "whitewashed cavalryman," and ordering me to get out of his sight, as I had feared he would, he halted, returned my salute, looked me over critically, and then glancing at my horse, asked:

"Have you got a good horse?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Can you ride?"

"Yes, sir."

I was proud of my horsemanship, Pull-

to halt, as it was against orders to permit such fusious riding, but when I called out, "Gen. Harney's Orderly," he seemed to understand the situation, as he answered.

miles from Camp Scott, and said he "would send Uncle Sam's minions to h—by a short cut" if they attempted to enter the sacred city.

Gen. Johnston would certainly have gone into Sait Lake City, but he was not in a condition to move till we reached him with supplies, and a march of 1,100 or 1,200 miles saves the plains so early in 1,200 miles across the plains, so early in the season, was no small undertaking; but it had to be done.

OFF TO JOHNSTON'S RELIEF.

The two companies of cavalry de-tiled for this escort were F (Capt. tailed for this escort were F (Capt. DeSaussure), and K (Capt. George H. Steuart's). These two companies, being somewhat reduced in numbers from being somewhat reduced in numbers from desertions, etc., it was decided by the Colonel that all the privates from some other company should be transferred to F and K to fill them up; the company so broken up to be subsequently filled with new recruits from some of the Eastern recruiting depots, as soon as they could be forwarded.

The converse where privates were to

The company whose privates were to be transferred was selected by the Cap-ains of the remaining companies drawing lots, and the unfortunate one was E (Capt. Sam D. Sturgis's), the company I belonged to, and, the transfer was accordingly made, about half of us being assigned to each of the two companies, F and K. Bill Slade, having been made a Corporal, was not transferred. I was transferred to Co. K (Capt. Geo. H. Steuart), First Lieut, David Bell, Second Lieut, Jos. H. Taylor, The officers of Co. F. were Capt. DeSaussure, First Lieut. Elmer Otis, Second Lieut. John A. Thompson, (Lieut. Bell died Dec. 2, 1860. Taylor was promoted for gallantry at Fair Oaks and Antietam; became Colonel of Volunteers in 1865; Colonel in the U. S. It is needless to say I was sorry to part with many of the officers and non-coms, of Co. E. Among the rest was Corp'l James N. Ruby. I remember him chiefly be-

From Kearny clear up to Laramie."

And a lot more that was anything but complimentary.

But with all his ill-nature and roughness, old Harney was a first-class Indian fighter, and this in the estimation of the soldier covers a multitude of faults; they can pardon almost anything in an officer if he is gritty.

Although a Southern man when the war broke out, Gen. Harney remained in the Union army; but the authorities at Washington seemed to doubt his loyalty, as he never was given any important command, and was seldom heard of during that

ons, rissy little lenow, was always te-minded me of a bantam rooster. His men had dubbed him Capt, "Whittlebusy." He always tried to look very dignified, and seemed afraid that he would do or say something that would detract from his austere appearance; but his ill-fitting dig-nity rather made him look ridiculous. He seemed to have no appreciation of

wit or humor, and when anything comical occurred in his presence he would nearly burst himself rather than smile or seem to enjoy the fun, for fear he would not look dignified. Some of his fellow-officers were fond of

Some of his fellow-officers were fond of placing him in a ridiculous light and enjoying his discomfiture. He always spoke disparagingly of those "singing characters," as he called the jolly, fun-loving fellows who are fond of singing a song or telling a joke, making themselves and others happy with their music and mirth.

I heard our First Lieutoneut Boll as

Gen Hancock).

PATROLING KANSAS.

All through the Winter we were ordered out occasionally, a company here and there, through the Territory, to keep down threatened disturbances between the Pro-Slavery and Free-State men.

It seems to me that most of our army officers sympathized with the Pro-Slavery men—at least, they don't seem to be so of the men by their songs and jokes, when



"BUFFALO ARE PLENTY, AND WE HAVE ENOUGH] FRESH MEAT."

and such the situation, as he answered:

"All right; turn him loose."

"All right; turn him loose."

"All right; turn him loose."

I accomplished my errand in satisfactory time, handed the paper to the General, and was complimented with his graff "Well done." but when I offered him his change he said:

"Keep it. How long have you been in the service?"

"Little over a year, sir." I replied.

Standing rigidly at "attention."

"I knew you were a — recruit. An old soldier wouldn't be guilty of handing back change. Hereafter, when an officer for the mountain passes leading into Salt Lake City, which was about 120

"I knew you a small amount of money to look and back change. Hereafter, when an officer size you a small amount of money to look and but wen as seemed army.

Some supply-trains en route to that command was always fair and just in his treatment of the men, and was always well liked.

Maj. Wm. Hoffman, of the 6th Inf.; commanded the expedition.

Maj. Hoffman was a New Yorker, entered the Military Academy in 1825; Section of the old Capitol bailding at Washington.

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Maj. Wm. Hoffman, of t

"Yes, sir." I answered.
"Can you ride?"
"Yes, sir."
I was proud of my horsemanship. Pulling his hand out of his pocket he handed me a dollar.
"Mount your horse, and go like —— n beatin' tan-bark to Leavenworth City and bring me a copy of today's Herald, and see how quick you can get back here."
Unhitching my horse, to show the old fellow that I could ride, without putting my fort in the stirrup I just grasped the bridle and lock of the mane with my left hand, right hand on the pommel, vaulted into the saddle and darked away on the run around the parade-ground.

As I came to the corner of the garrison near the arsenal a sentry called to me to halt, as it was against orders to permit such fusious riding, but when I called out, "Gen. Harney's Orderly," he seemed to understand the situation as he and to understand the situation, as he and the situation as th

teams constituted a train, each train commanded by a wagonmaster.

Besides the squadion of cavalry above mentioned our company was strengthened by a few companies of the 6th Inf. A HARD TRIP.

for horses and mules, and for "roughness" they had to depend on the dead grass. And this same dead prairie grass was the sole sustenance of the poor oxen, as it would have been too expensive to feed them grain. How they kept up on it, and hauled those heavy loads, I can't tell; but they did it all the same. Now and then one dropped by the wayside and was abandoned to die, his place being filled by one from the "cavy yard" of extra oxen driven along for that purpose. Our march was necessarily slow and tedious, as we had to conform to the traveling capacity of the "bull trains," as they were called.

If our trains had all been composed of mule teams we could have traveled nearly twice as far and fast in a day, but as it was we rolled out with the mule trains, leaving a company to act as rear-guard and bring up the bull trains. After we had made a short murch of 10 or 12 miles we camped and waited the arrival of the bulls. They made two drives a day—going five or six miles in the forenoon, then corralled and lay over two to three hours in the middle of the day, then driving as many more miles in the afternoon, coming up to us at night.

years in the 41st O. V. I., and did all as soldier's duty until March, 1862, when sickness and exposure laid me low. I tried hard to get back to my regiment, but the doctors ordered my discharge and sent me bome, unfit for duty. Have been a subscriber to The National Thave been a subscriber to duty. Have been a subscriber to The National Thave been a subscriber to The Nat

Maj. Hoffman crowded the bull trains along as far in a day as the poor oxen were able to go, and sometimes we marched as much as 20 miles a day. To make it easy on our horses, he required the cavalry to dismount and walk alternate hours through the day's march. At the crossing of the Big Blue (Marysville)

we left the settlements.
Fort Kearny, on the Platte River, is about 300 miles northwest of Leavenworth. It is located in a nearly level prairie, on the south side of the river, about half a mile from its bank. The buildings were mostly one-story, flat-

We forded the South Platte safely at the old Sait Lake crossing, and follow-ing the old road over the divide come down onto the North Platte through Ash Hollow, rendered famous by Gen. Har-ney's battle with the Sioux Indians, fought near this place and called the "battle of Ash Hollow;" though why it should be called so I can't see, for several old soldiers now members of our company who participated in the engagement tell me that the battle was fought on the other side of the North Platte, 12 miles away, on a little stream called Blue Water.

However, old Harrey gave them just However, old Hafrey gave them just what they deserved—a good drubbing—slaying them without mercy, and although the authorities at Washington took him to task for his "unauthorized severity," as they termed it, he received the hearty commendation of all the Western people. And this thrashing Harney gave the Sioux caused them to have a greater respect for the Covernment than anything. what they deserved—a good drubbing—slaying them without mercy, and although the authorities at Washington took him to task for his "unauthorized severity," as they termed it, he received the hearty commendation of all the Western people. And this thrashing Harney gave the Sioux caused them to have a greater respect for the Government than anything else could have done; and, although they are the most powerful and warlike tribe on the plans, for the next seven years after the battle of Ash Hollow was fought they were stanch friends to the Government, and strictly of—erved the terms of their treaty with Uncle Sam.

By the roadside, 4t the month of Ash Hollow are several graves, with wooden head boards, wherein are buried those of Gen. Harney's men who were killed in the battle. (I noticed that these head boards had been hacked all over, apparently, by Indian tomahawks, so much that the names and inscriptions were nearly oblicated.) There were about 10 or 12 of Harney's men killed, I believe. The number of Indians killed could never be ascertained, but must have been considerable. From Ash Hollow our road lay along the south bank of the North Platte, sometimes very near the tiver, sometimes several miles off, till we reached Fort Larney inc. There is little in the way of scenery here to interest the traveler. Chimmey inc. There is little in the way of scenery here to interest the traveler. Chimmey and Scott's Blaffs. From base to summit it is probably a hundred feet bith, so commend and Scott's Blaffs. From base to summit it is probably a hundred feet bith, so commend and Scott's Blaffs. From base to summit it is probably a hundred feet bith, so commend and scott's Blaffs. From base to summit it is probably a hundred feet bith, so commend and scott's Blaffs. From base to summit it is probably a hundred feet bith, so commend and scott's Blaffs. From base to summit it is probably a hundred feet bith, so commend and probable and probably a hundred feet bith.

Harney's men killed, I believe. The number of Indians killed could never be ascertained, but must have been considerable. From Ash Hollow our road lay along the south bank of the North Platte, sometimes very near the river, sometimes several miles off, till we reached Fort Larnmie. There is little in the way of scenery here to interest the traveler. Chimney Rock is a column of sandstone, much resembling an old crumbling chimney, that stands at the foot of a range of bluffs, just south of the road between Ash Hollow and Scott's Blaffs. From base to summit it is probably a hundred feet high, but seems to be fast crumbling away. The surface of the chimney and in fact every smooth rock in the vicinity, is completely covered with names and dates, carved in the soft sandstone by parties who have traveled the road, some few dating back into the '30's, and many dated '49, probably made by early gold-seekers en route to California.

to California.

Emerging from the canyons of Scott's Emerging from the canyons of Scott's Bluffs we come in sight of Court House Rock, several miles south of the road. It somewhat resembles the pictures we see of the old Capitol building at Washington.

Laramie Peak, with its snow-covered summit, comes into view at the distance of Miss Lucy Greenlee seemed burned on her so, but now that she has made that ridiculous new will and published it in 'Gath and Askalon,' as Julius says, she'll feel buried in the pillows, she tried to stifle the moaning gasps that broke from her. She did not believe, she could not believe that Gilhert's marrying you, and the way he did it, was one of the most remarkable traced that horrible posthumous spite of Miss Lucy Greenlee seemed burned on her washing the first that the distance of the most remarkable and one of the most remarkable traced that horrible posthumous spite of Miss Lucy Greenlee seemed burned on her washing the first that the distance of the most remarkable traced that horrible posthumous spite of Miss Lucy Greenlee seemed burned on her washing the first that the distance of the most remarkable and one of the most remarkable traced that horrible posthumous spite of Miss Lucy Greenlee seemed burned on her washing the most remarkable traced that horrible posthumous spite of Miss Lucy Greenlee seemed burned on her washing the most remarkable that the distance washing the post new will and published it in 'Gath and Askalon,' as Julius says, she'll feel better. But now that she has made that ridicular the properties of the properties and fluing herself upon her bed. Her fact the properties and fluing her washing.

Laramie Peak, with its snow-covered summit, comes into view at the distance of about 50 miles east of Fort Laramie, resting on the western horizon like a small white cloud. The peak is said to be about 15 or 20 miles west of the fort.

To be continued to the distance of the fort.

The peak is said to be about 15 or 20 miles west of the fort.

The peak is said to be about it is the door. No one answered it is the door. No one answered it is the door in the peak is the door. No one answered it is the door it."

The peak is the door it is the door it.

NEWS FROM WINNERS AND OTHERS.

Comrade Henry M. Buell, of Middle-field, O., winner of the third prize in the March contest, writes as follows: "To-A HARD TRIP.

On March 18, 1858, we bade good-by to the rest of the garrison, and marched out of Fort Leavenworth for the long and tedious trip to Utah. There was no sign of grass yet, and we were still treated to a snowstorm occasionally; but on we must march. We carried plenty of grain for horses and mules, and for "roughness" they had to depend on the dead grass. And this same dead prairie grass was the sole sustenance of the poor oxen, as it

hours in the middle of the day, then driv-ing as many more miles in the afternoon, coming up to us at night.

young, but I can remember the gallant work the soldiers did, and I like to read about it. I am a coal miner, and work oming up to us at night.

They never turned off the road to make a comfortable camp by getting close to wood and water, as we did with mule trains, but corralled right on the road—sometimes a half mile or a mile from water. The teamsters of the bull trains carried water for cooking and drinking in kegs, filling them up whenever they



the buildings were anothly level of the Platings were anothly level of the Plating were anothly level of the Platings were anothly level of the Plating of the Pl

think of anything but the terrible suggestion it held. Her heart indignantly

But a thousand forgotten hints, hesitan-cies, enigmas, came and chimed in with

her loneliness, and gave it a horrid signi-finance. To be a deserted wife—a dis-graced woman!

Utterly unnerved by all that the dread-

The Summerdale

see her swollen eyes. But as Mrs. Ash-bel paused she started, and taking the

Margaret, not daring to trust her voice,

merely shook her head.
"No?" questioned her friend. "Your

mother, then? It's too bad of her to act so, but now that she has made that ridicu-

Brabble.

By ALBION W. TOURGEE.

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When one day passed after Gilbert's | she remembered, and a pang that almost

gestion it may possibility that Gilbert could girl's arm, peered up into her face, deliberately plan her disgrace, were a million times the Greenlee millions at stake. claimed abruptly. "No bad news of our barrent forgetten bints hesitan."

Some hours afterward there was a knock at the door. No one answered it and it was repeated. Margaret sat up with a gasp and looked about with a dazed, puzzled expression, as if she did not recognize her surroundings. Suddenly

There, there: Don't cry, daring, You make me cry, too. What is it, dear? Tell your auntie all about it."

"I haven't — heard — from Gilbert," sobbed Margaret.

(Continued on second page.)

D. D. KELLOGG, winner of \$75 in February contest. The large picture is Comrade Kellogg's present-day appearance. The boy with the "gun" represents him, at age of 16, in the infantry. The other, his appearance, at age of 18, in the cavalry. fornia. During my stay in the South I visited old battlefields, among them Lost Mountain, in which engagement I left my Mountain, in which engagement I left my sixth horse, and Altoona Pass, one of the hard-fought battles of the Atlanta Campaign. The National Cemetery at Marietta, Ga., is a beautiful, hallowed spot, where 10,000 of our comrades have found a last resting-place, including our Lieutenant-Colonel, and many of our regiment?

	run at this time of the year:
	1901.
	Monday, March 11\$2,723,632.74
i	Monday, March 18 2,304,877.70
	Monday, March 25 2,098,450.04
	Monday, April 1 1,998,348.14
	Monday, April 8 2,712,318.86
	Tuesday, April 9 1,186,509,99
	Wednesday, April 10 2,277,951,24
ĥ	Thursday, April 11 1,452,927,75
	Friday, April 12 1,657,310.05
	Saturday, April 13 1,642,504.43
1	Monday, April 15 2.861,010.62

...TERMS OF ...

NEW CONTEST.

Guess the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for Monday, May 27, 1901.

In the new contest \$5.000 is divided

into 50 prizes, as follows : Bulls-Eye" prize \$1,000

First prize 200 25 16th to 25th " 26th to 35th " 36th to 49th "

We will award \$4,000 cash to any subscriber, club-raiser or book buyer lucky enough to guess the exact receipts of the U. S. Treasury-hitting the "bulls-eve." so to speak-for Monday, May 27, Whoever comes nearest will receive the first prize; the next nearest, the second prize; next nearest, the third prize, and so

on to the forty-ninth prize. These guesses must be received by us on or before Saturday, the 25th day of Maytwo full days in advance.

The condition for entering this contest is that, durin the months of April and May, you must send at least 25 cents to the paper as a subscription or in the purchase of a book. This entitles you to one guess. For each additional 25 cents spent for subscriptions or books, you are entitled to an addi-

Please note: All subscribers have had guesses in a number of contests. This time, the mere fact of being a subscriber does not entitle you to a guess. You must extend your subscription, or buy books, to the extent at least of 25 cents to be entitled

to a guess, or raise a club.

The Club-Raiser: For every 25 cents you send in for subscriptions or books during the months of April and May, you are entitled to one guess. Each member of the club is also entitled to one guess for each 25 cents he spends. If a club-member does not care for his guess, the club-miser can take that also.

Club-raisers can send in names and remittances at any time, and they will be properly credited. This contest is the clubchance. A club of fair size gives him so many guesses that he can reasonably hope to strike the "Bulls-eye."

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

Washington, D. C.